Here begynneth a treatyse of a galaũt

Yght as ſmall flodes encreaſe to Waters fell
So that naro We furrous may not ſuſtayne
Kyght ſo pryde vncloſed may not counſell
This new Wretchednes ꝑ cauſeth vs cõplayn
How Wo hath Wrapped vs in a cruell chayne
Our pryde ſheweth it Well bothe ferre and nere
Englonde may Wayle that euer it came here

The ſynne that now reygneth to beholde is ruthe
Of fraude and dyſceyte grete abhomynacyon
But nede conſtrayneth vs now to ſaye the truthe
Of pryde and dyſceyte this ne We dyſcymulacyon
That blyndeth and conſumeth our englyſſhe nacyon
Lucyfers progenye amonge vs dooth appere
Englonde may Wayle that euer it came here

Kyght late ſtode our londe in ſuche proſperyte
Of chyualry/manhode/and ryche marchaundyſe
Thrughe all cryſten realmes ſprange our felycyte
Of grete Welth and pro Weſſe in ſondry Wyſe
Our ſadnes is chaunged for the ne We guyſe
We haue eryled our Welth I note Where
Englonde may Wayle that euer it came here

Pryde hath founde Waye to exclude man fro blys
In dyſſygurynge nature by this ne We araye
Bothe men and Women can ſaye What it is
For bothe nede and pouerte gooth now ryght gaye
But alas our ſoro We encreaſeth euery daye
And yf ye lyue longe ye ſhall bothe ſe and here
That Englonde ſhall Wayle that euer it came here

For pryde hathe our plente torned to cuyll fare
And fedeth vs as beestes that draweth in the ploughe
Many a worthy man bryngeth he to sorowe and care
Where fortune somtyme freshely on hym loughe
Examyne the lyuynge that this worlde vseth ynoughe
How nede with hyme groweth euery where
Englonde may wayle that euer it came here

For many a beugeaunce as scrypture maketh mencyon
Hath fallen to kyngomes in sondry wyse
And fynally put the people in dystruccyon
For theyr obstynacy/a ne we fangle guyle
Alas Englonde that somtyme was so wyse
Other nacyons refuse/hast bought so dere
That thou may wayle that euer it came here

Somtyme we had Fraunce in grete derysyon
For theyr hatefull pryde and lothesome vnclennes
Vse we not now we/the same in our regyon
And haue permuted our welthe for theyr gladnes
Lechery of our people is become a maystres
Our gentylnes/for galantyse haue we lefte there
Englonde may wayle that euer it came here

yf ye beholde the galantes progenye hyperius
That out of Fraunce be fledde for theyr intoxicacyon
Hathe now we vengeaũce consumed/that realme gloryus
For theyr pryde and synfull abhominacyon
That all the worlde may wayle theyr desolacyon
O Fraunce why ne had these galauntes byden there
Englonde may wayle that euer it came here

For in this name galaũt ye may expresse
Seuen lettres for some cause in especyall

That fygureth ȳ. viij. deedly ſyñes & theyr Wretchednes
By Whome man is made to the deuyll thrall
Was not pryde cauſe of Lucyfers fall
Pryde is in hell/and galauntes nygheth them nere
Englonde may Wayle that euer it came here

O thou gaye galaunte by thyn vnthryfty name
With gabbynge and gloſynge geteſt that thou haſt
Gyle Was thy fader and Jalouſye thy dame
In gettynge/in Janglynge thy dayes ben paſt
For all thy gloryous goynge/aege gnaWeth faſt
Thy glaſed lyfe and glotony/be gleWed ſo in fere
That englonde may Wayle that euer it came here

Appetytes of auarice/be to them ſo amerous
Ambuſyon and arrogaunce ben of one affynyte
Auenture and angre ben aye ſo debatous
Feynynge eſtate of counterfet auctorite
Adulacyon of auenture/mayſt thou not auaunt the
As a lyer in goodnes in thyn araye dooſt appere
Englonde may Wayle that euer it came here

For all thy loude lechery/thou lepeſt ſo faſt aboute
That good loue and laWe ben almooſt lorne
Of luſt and lykynge ledeſt thou ſuche a route
That laches and lechery haue clennes to torne
Thou laboureth to loſe/that thy frendes gate to forne
For leWednes and lechery ben ſo ledde in fere
Englonge may Wayle that euer it came here

Abhomynable accydyo accuſeth all our nacyon
Our aungelyke abſtynence is no We refuſed
Ferthermore of Antecryſte this neWe dyſſymulacyon
Alas that ſuche ſore We amonge vs is vſed

Our auaryce and hatered haue vs so accused
That dyuerse aduersytees sueth vs yere by yere
Englonde may Wayle that euer it came here

For our Wastynge Wretchednes ỹ hath Waded so depe
In our Wanton Werynge of clothes to torne
To Wyldnes and Wrathe the Worlde taketh moost kepe
For in Wastynge & vanyte/men reken not What is lorne
For Wyfe and for Women/for Ware the horne
That vertuous virgynyte is deed and layde on bere
Englonde may Wayle that euer it came here

The noble course of nature nycete hath deuoured
For nede/nedeth be so it causeth our desolacyon
So hathe these ne We fangles our Welthe obscured
That neclygence nourysheth necessyte to our confusyon
This causeth our galauntes by theyr nacyon
Neuerthryfte and tryfles/noye euer vs so nere
Englonde may Wayle that euer it came here

For trygetours and tryflours that tauernes haunte
Haue trouth and temporaunce troden vnder foote
Tale Wes and talkynge and drynkynge ataunte
As tyrauntes and tractours/toyllous in moote
Tyll they be tryed out is there no boote
And tryed to baratrum/tossed in fere
Englonge shall Wayle that euer it came here

O galaunt vpon galaunt/and o thou galaunt gaye
And thou ruskyn galaunt that pouerte dooth menace
For all thy Warrocked hoode and thy proude araye
And thy parrocked pouche that thou so fast doost brace
Thou beseest the to counterfet Lucyfets trace
Thynke not to longe or thou dwell with hym there

Our men With cloutes at theyr brest lyke a pye
Our women haue debated With shamelastnes
And our men With vnclennes yf I shall not lye
O Englonde thou mayst Wepe With Jeromye
Seynge the people thus ledde by the ere
Englonde may Wayle that euer it came here

Our women in theyr parte labour as they may
In theyr araye With chere and countynaunce
Our men on theyr syde make them fresshe and gay
And laboure to purchace Womens pleasaunce
Thus betWene bothe groWeth moche myschaunce
Eche seketh synne as it doth appere
Englonde may Wayle that euer it came here

Our galãtes lyue in lustes as beestes
Wayntey nours of quarelles and vnthryftynes
Our shameles Women With theyr hyghe creestes
Extorcyon/robbery/and our vngentylnes
Prelates nedlygẽce/lordes rauayn/marchaũtes deceytes
These asketh vengeaunce/this lesson must ye lere
Elles shall ye Wayle that euer it came here

Beholde these dayes the people of our nacyon
Are charged With synne/and gouerned by foly
Yow nede Wyll compelle vs by transmygracyon
With veray Wo dryue vs in to Babylonye
O Englonde Where is no We thy glorye
That somtyme shone thrughe the Worlde so clere
Well mayst ỹ Wayle that euer this sorowe came here

All people laboure of this neWe dysguysynge
In forgynge theyr fantasyes to maynteyne pryde
He is now wyseste that can mooste of deuysynge

For the curſed enſample that thou ſheweſt here

So many barefoote people/and ſo fewe good lyuers
Hath noo man ſeen ſyth the worlde began
So many ſtyropes and ſo fewe good chyuallers
And ſo many braynles that lytell good can
Men arayed as women and women as man
This cauſeth deth/that all thynge is ſo dere
Englonde may wayle that euer it came here

So moche rycheſſe in araye and ſo moche nede
So many bedes borne and ſo lytell deuocyon
So moche faſtynge for hungre and ſo lytell mede
So moche paynted worſhyp/and ſo lytell reaſon
I troWe no man hath ſeen in this lytell regyon
Our ſynne aſketh vengeaunce/I am in grete fere
In ſhorte tyme We ſhall wayle that euer it came here

HoW many poyntes Were they noW a dayes
And yet a good poynt amonge them Were to ſynde
Daggers of vengeaunce redy to make affrayes
With longe taters doWne to the ars behynde
Tryppynge With ſmall ſhākes as lyght as leſe on lynde
To make it toughe and freſſhe as it Were the newe yere
Englonde may wayle that euer it came here

So many purfled garmentes furred With no ſequitur
With ſo many penyleſſe purſes hath no man ſawe
Small gyrdynge in the waaſt w̄ all theyr other
That We go all back Warde from hyghe to the lawe
ỹ floryſhing mede of our welth We haue begō to mawe
But We beſeche god amende vs an other yere
Or elles We ſhall wayle that euer it came here

Our women are dyſpoyled & gyue them to wantonnes

Good makynge of man is no We layde on lyde
This ne We araye is brought vp in this londe so wyde
And yet for all that it may not last a yere
Englonde may Wayle that euer it came here

Beholde the rolled hodes stuffed With flockes
The ne We brached doublettes open at the brestes
Stuffed With pectoll of theyr loues smockes
Theyr go Wnes and theyr cotes shredde all in lystes
So many capes as no We be/and so ke We good preestes
I can not reken halfe the route of theyr mardegere
Englonde may Wayle that euer it came here

These galauntes vse also full abhomynable
Theyr typpettes be Wrythen lyke to a chayne
And they go haltred in them as hors in the stable
It is a perylous pronostycacyon certayne
For synfull soules shall be bounde in payne
Hande and fote in perpetuall syre
They shall curse the tyme that euer it came here

All these ne We bul Warkes they Were at theyr knees
They laboure sore in theyr Wyttes fantasyes to synde
No man holdeth hym contente With his degrees
Vryde gothe before and shame cometh behynde
Alas that Englysshe men sholde be so blynde
So moche sorow We amonge vs and so lytell fere
We may Wayle the tyme that euer it came here

Forgete not lyghtly how many straungers
Haue entred this kyngdome and kepte the possessyon
Fyue tymes as Wryteth olde cronyclers
And chaunged our tonges in sondry dyuysyon
O clergy praye for our Englysshe nacyon

That god for his mercy of this synne make vs clere
Elles shall We Wayle that euer it came here

Effectually praye god for his reformacyon
Of welte /manhode/and of marchaundyse
And tresory of peas/that cryste in his passyon
Lefte bytwene god and man Whan he sholde dye
The compynalte in loue/conserue perseuerauntlye
With tharyte bothe hyghe and lowe to Joyne in fere
In voydynge of synne that tourmenteth vs here

O Englond remembre thyn olde sadnes
That thou may resorte agayne to thy gladnes
Eryle pryde relyeue to thy goodnes
Synne hath consumed this Worldes humanyte
Praye god thou may reioyse thyn olde felycyte
And his blessyd moder/as this londe is her do Were
We haue no cause to Wayle that euer it came here

Finis.

Here endeth this treatyse made of a galaunt. Enprynted at London in the'Flete strete at the sygne of the sonne/by Wynkyn de Worde.

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